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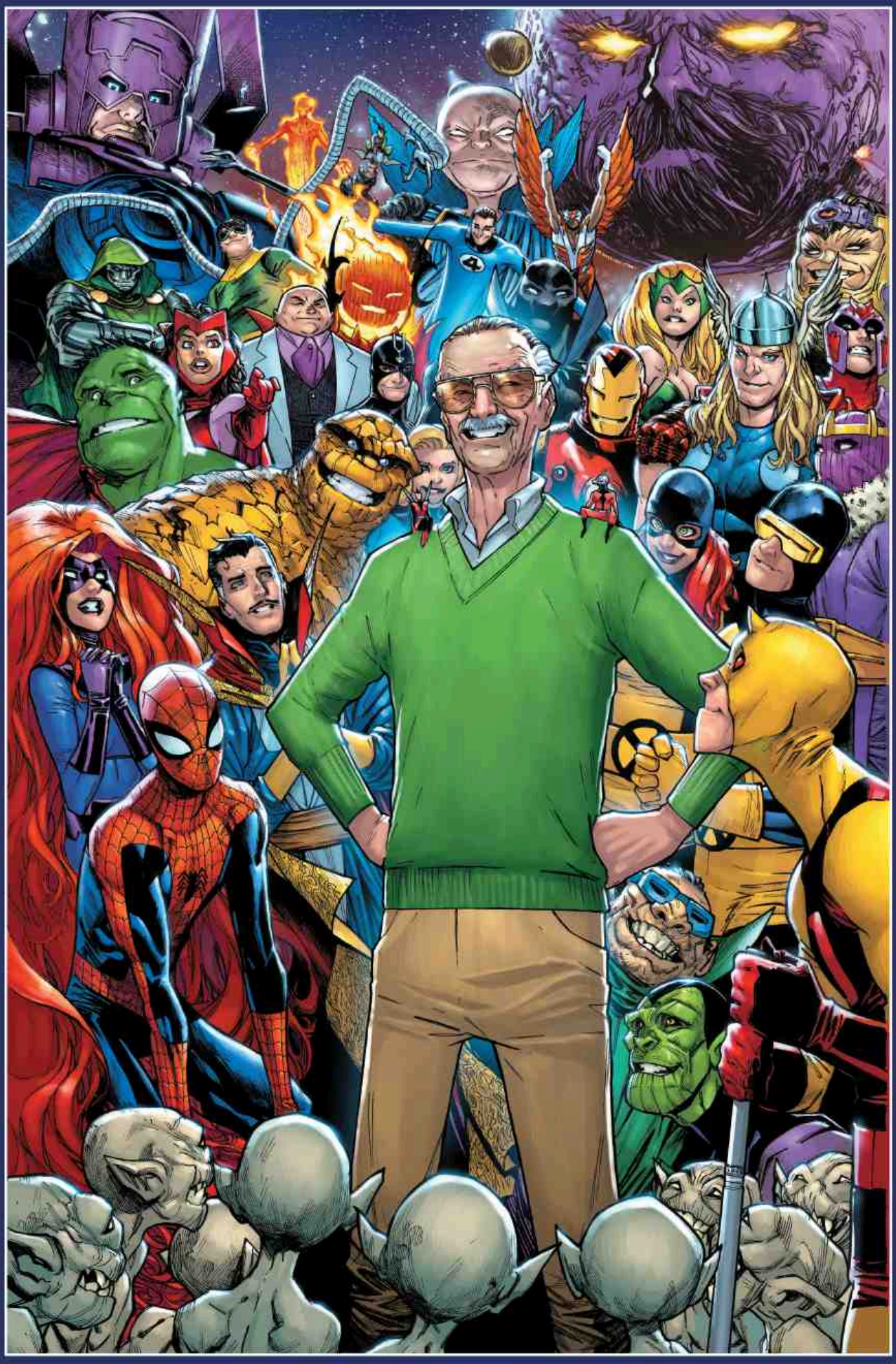
LGY#425
MacKAY · FERREIRA · POGGI · TARTAGLIA
STRANGE

100 YEARS AND STILL INSPIRING US ALL



WE LOVE YOU, STAN!

STRANGE

PREVIOUSLY...

Doctor Stephen Strange was dead! And his wife, Clea Strange, took up the mantle of Earth's Sorcerer Supreme in his stead!

She has had to contend with two new threats: the Blasphemy Cartel–a gang of ruthless mystics consolidating control over New York's magical underworld by resurrecting dead superhumans, also called Revenants...and the Harvestman, Death's Sorcerer Supreme, who has been hunting these monsters.

Little did anyone realize that the Harvestman was actually Stephen Strange! Not only that, but they discovered that the Blasphemy Cartel are former agents of W.A.N.D., the mystical division of S.H.I.E.L.D.! With all the secrets finally revealed, Clea and Stephen enact their plan to finally take down the Cartel...

"Attack on Emerald City, Part 1"

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MY NAME IS CLEA STRANGE. AND TODAY, I MAKE CERTAIN THAT MY ENEMIES KNOW IT.
THEY SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN WHAT IT MEANS. FORGOTTEN WHO I AM. WHAT I CAN AND WILL DO TO THEM.
SO I FLY TO REMIND THEM.
I AM WARLORD BORN.
AND SO I FLY TO WAR.

I AM REUNITED WITH MY LOVE.
IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING.
DR. STEPHEN STRANGE, THE HARVESTMAN.
BUT HE IS NOT MINE *ALONE.*
HE ALSO BELONGS TO THE ONE HE SERVES--
--DEATH.
THE ENERGIES THAT EMPOWER HIM ARE THE *OPPOSITE* OF THOSE THAT EMPOWER ME.
THE CHILL OF THE GRAVE CLINGS TO HIM, WHILE I BURN WITH THE LIFE OF MAGIC.
OPPOSITES THAT MUST BE *APART.* THAT MUST NOT *TOUCH.*
TO BE REUNITED, BUT TO STILL BE SEPARATED BY SUCH A *GULF...*
IT PUTS ME IN A HATEFUL MOOD.

WHICH WILL SERVE ME WELL.
FOR AS I SAID: I FLY TO WAR.
WE FLY TO WAR.
THE SORCERER SUPREME AND THE HARVESTMAN.
BLASPHEMY CARTEL HEADQUARTERS, CODENAME: EMERALD CITY. A FLYING CASTLE AT THE HEART OF AN ARTIFICIAL STORM.
LET THE BLASPHEMY CARTEL TREMBLE AS OUR SHADOWS FALL UPON THEM.

ARE YOU READY, MY LOVE?
DON'T KILL THEM, CLEA.
EXCUSE ME?
I WILL MAKE YOU NO PROMISE I CANNOT HONOR, STEPHEN.
I HAD FORGOTTEN HOW HE WAS.
THE REVENANTS, THE MONSTERS AND DEMONS...DO WHAT YOU WILL TO THEM.
BUT WE CAN'T KILL HUMANS. PEOPLE.
PLEASE, CLEA.
I'M GETTING SOMETHING WEIRD ON THE CRYSTAL BALL...
THE VISHANTI TRIED TO MAKE HIM THEIR WARRIOR, HAD HIM FIGHT FOR THEM FOR FIVE THOUSAND YEARS IN THE WAR OF THE SEVEN SPHERES.
DEATH HAS MADE HIM HER ASSASSIN, PUT A SCYTHE IN HIS HAND AND DREAD POWERS AT HIS COMMAND.
SILVERED HIS HAIR, MARKING HIM AS HER OWN.
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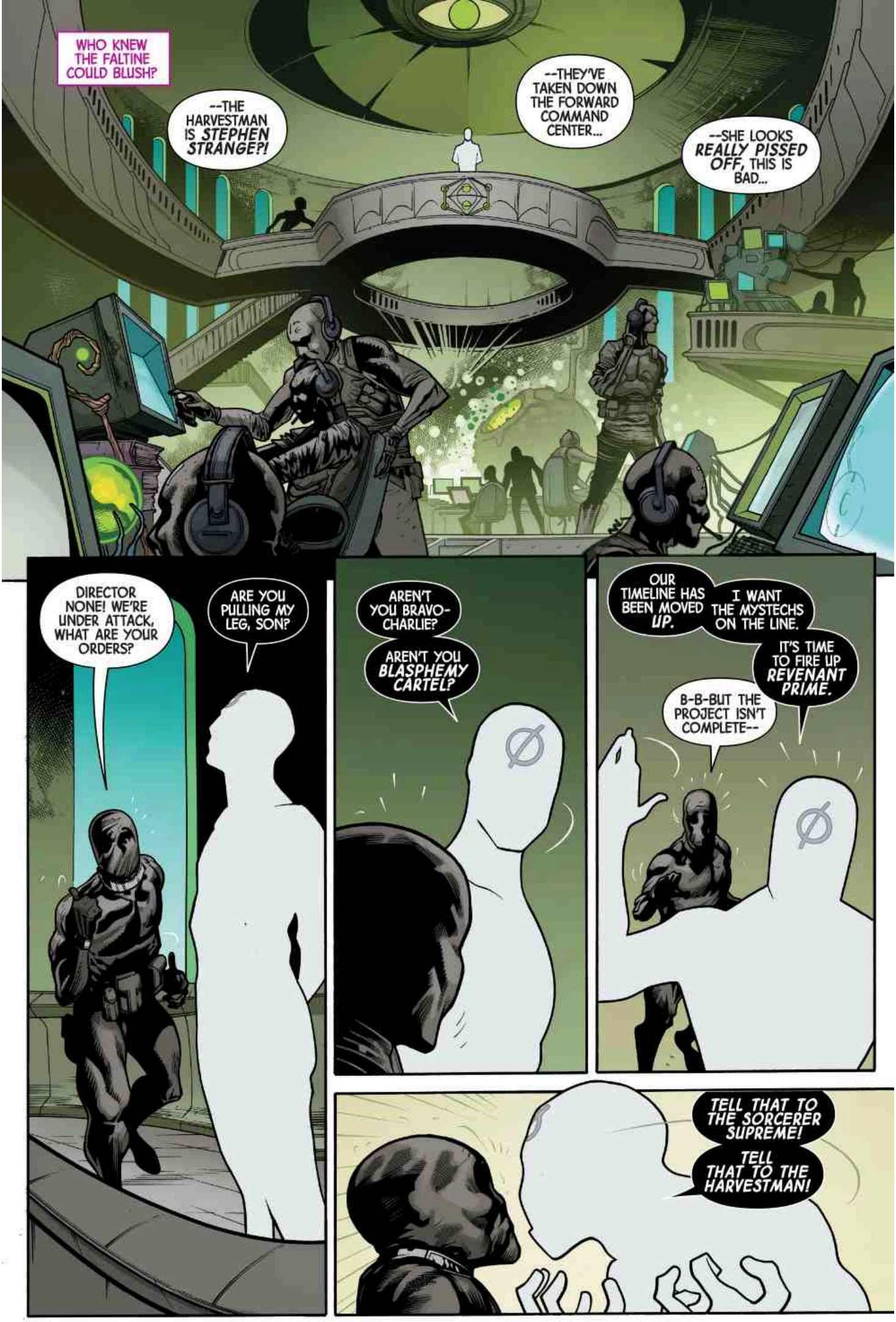
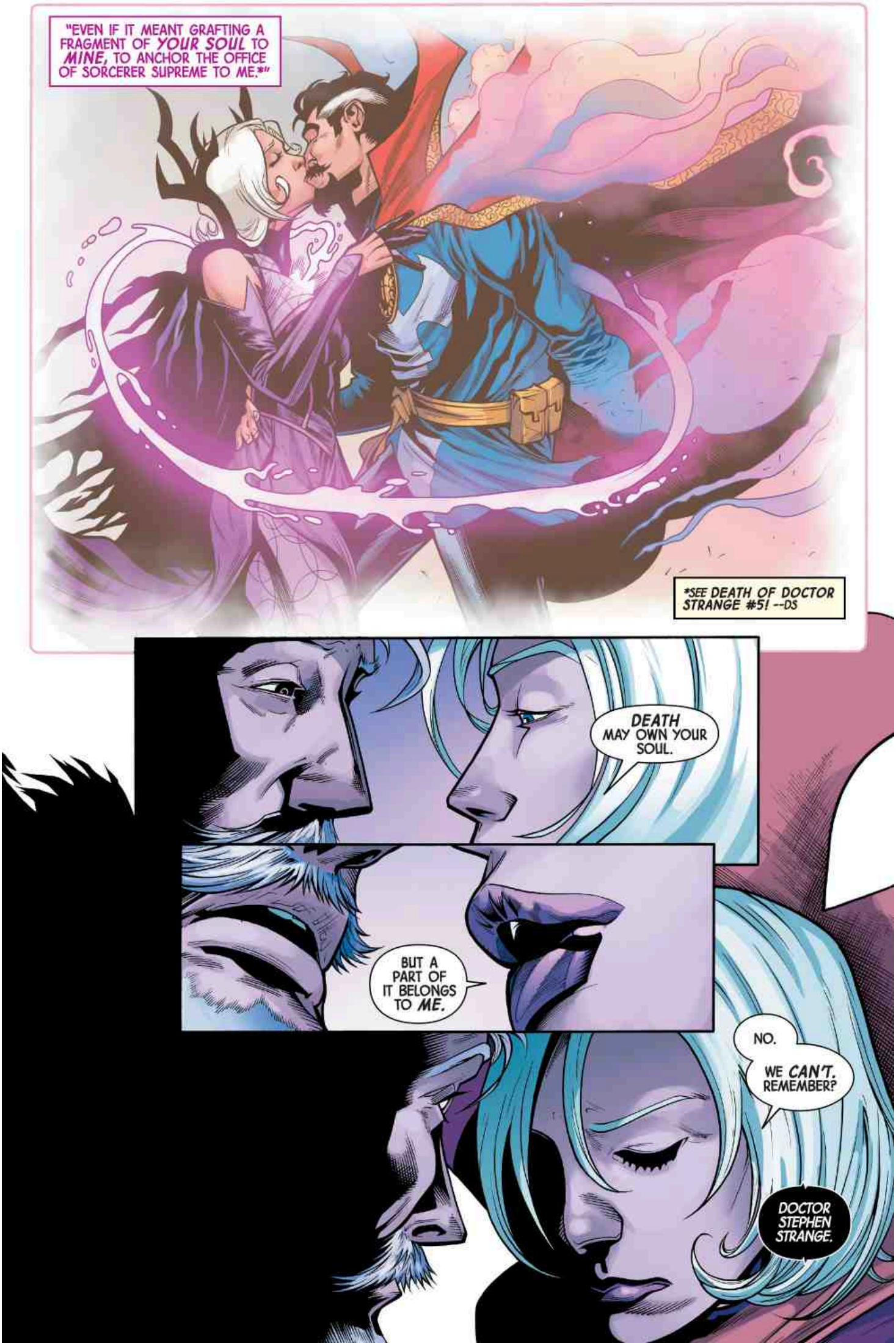
INCOMING!
SORCERER SUPREME INCOMING!

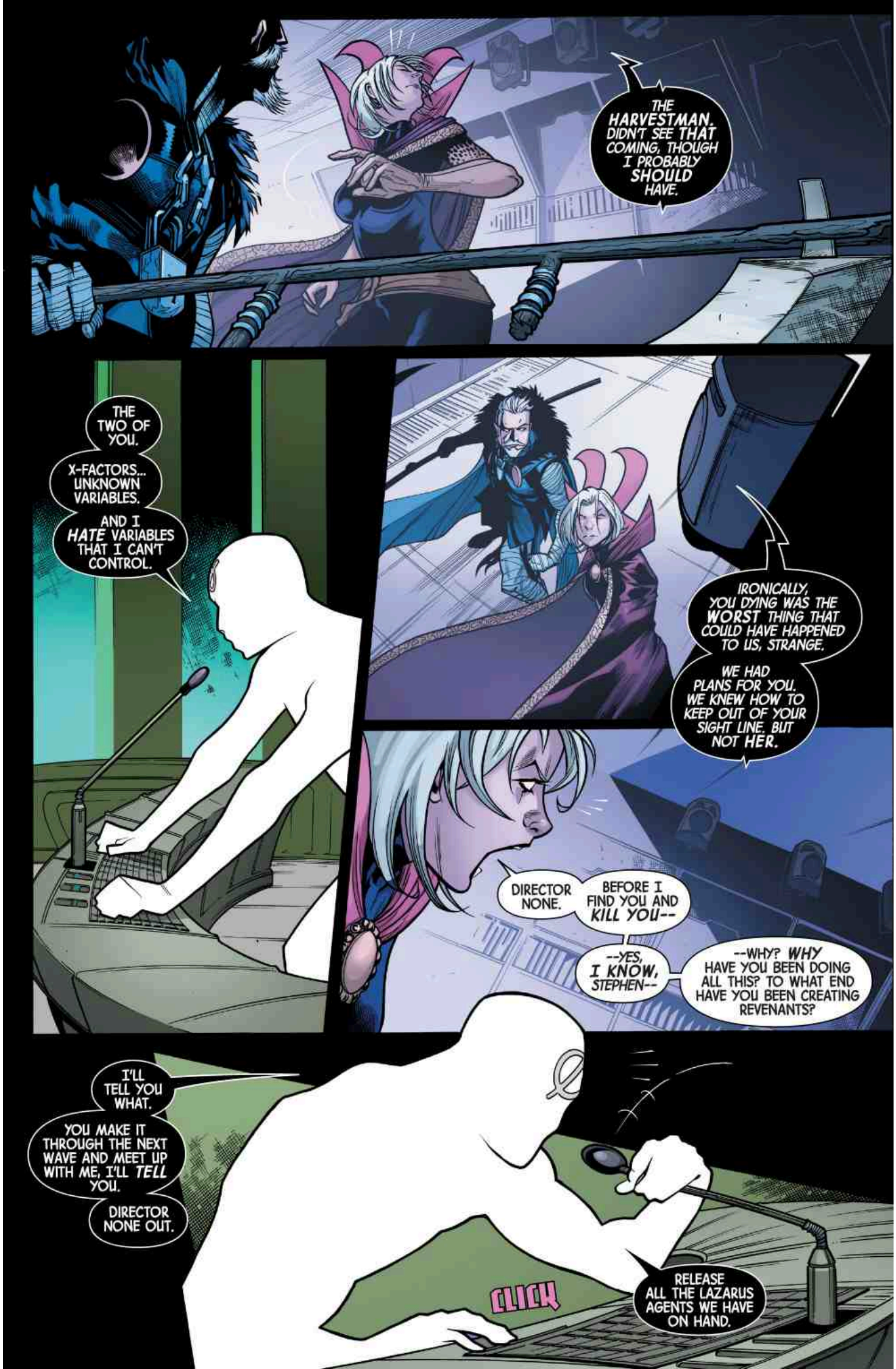
AND YET HE IS NEITHER WARRIOR NOR ASSASSIN.
HE IS, AND ALWAYS WILL BE, A DOCTOR.
AND A DOCTOR BELIEVES THAT ALL CAN BE SAVED--ABHORS THE DEATHS OF OTHERS, WHOEVER THEY MIGHT BE.
IT IS PERHAPS HIS MOST INFURIATING QUALITY.
IT IS, IN LARGE PART, WHY I LOVE HIM.

CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT IT FELT LIKE?
TO HAVE BEEN RAISED IN THE COURT OF DORMAMMU, A PLACE WHERE CRUELTY WAS CURRENCY, WHERE SADISM WAS STRENGTH, WHERE VICIOUSNESS WAS VIRTUE...
...AND THEN TO SEE A STRANGE EARTHMAN STRIDE IN AND DO EVERYTHING SHORT OF SPIT IN DORMAMMU'S EYE.
AN EARTHMAN WHO PURSUED NOT DESPOTISM OR DOMINANCE...
...BUT A PATH TO HELPING OTHERS TO BE BETTER. HEALING THEM.
WHATEVER THAT MIGHT MEAN.
WHO COULD NOT LOVE A MAN LIKE THAT, WHATEVER OTHER FLAWS HE MIGHT HAVE?
YOU KNOW, IN ALL THE STURM UND DRANG, I'VE NOT MENTIONED HOW WELL THE CLOAK OF LEVITATION SUITS YOU.
SHAMELESS FLATTERER. I WAS JUST THINKING OF WHEN WE MET.
AND SOMEHOW, YOU'VE BECOME MORE MAGNIFICENT EVERY DAY SINCE THEN.
INDEED. NEVER FORGET IT.
NEVER.
NOT IF I WAS THE LAST LIVING THING IN THE UNIVERSE, WATCHING THE STARS WINK OUT ONE BY ONE.
BY THE HOARY HOSTS OF HOGGOTH.


WHO KNEW THE FALTINE COULD BLUSH?
--THE HARVESTMAN IS STEPHEN STRANGE?!
--THEY'VE TAKEN DOWN THE FORWARD COMMAND CENTER...
--SHE LOOKS REALLY PISSED OFF, THIS IS BAD...
DIRECTOR NONE! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK, WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS?
ARE YOU PULLING MY LEG, SON?
AREN'T YOU BRAVO-CHARLIE?
AREN'T YOU BLASPHEMY CARTEL?
OUR TIMELINE HAS BEEN MOVED UP.
I WANT THE MYSTECHS ON THE LINE.
IT'S TIME TO FIRE UP REVENANT PRIME.
B-B-BUT THE PROJECT ISN'T COMPLETE--
TELL THAT TO THE SORCERER SUPREME!
TELL THAT TO THE HARVESTMAN!

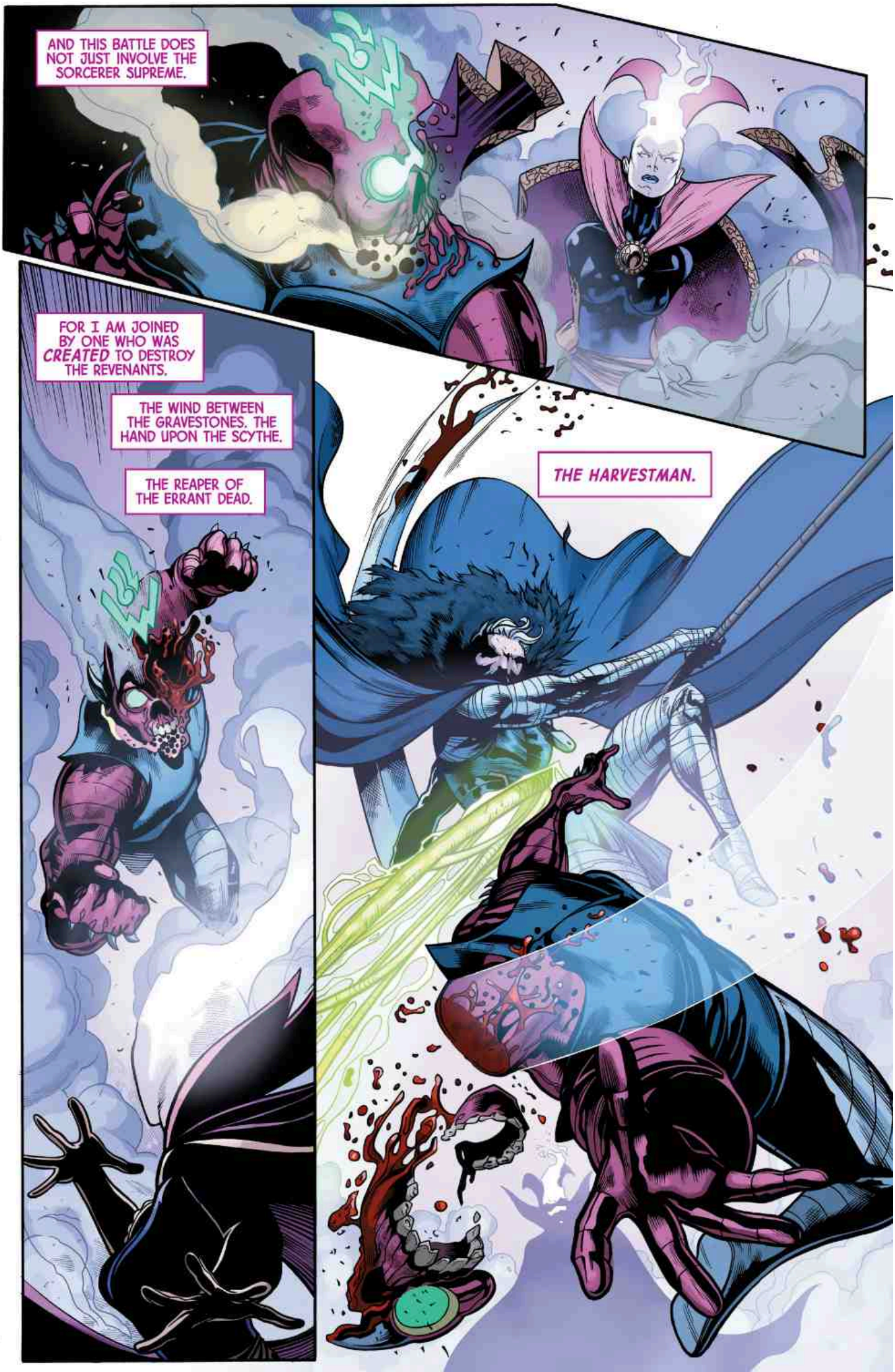
"THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT CAN STOP THEM!"
--AND HAS ANYONE GIVEN YOU ANY TROUBLE?
NO, EVERYONE HAS BEEN QUITE NICE. MOON KNIGHT WAS A DEAR.
WHO WAS A WHAT?!
DOOM WAS BY TO VISIT ON PRACTICALLY MY FIRST DAY AS SORCERER SUPREME, HOWEVER.
I'M NOT SURPRISED. WAS HE ANGRY?
INCENSED. I THINK HE IS STILL WONDERING HOW YOU PASSED ON THE MANTLE TO ME.
OF COURSE HE IS.
IT IS UTTERLY OUTSIDE OF HIS NATURE.
YES.
DOOM TAKES. HE COULD NEVER CONCEIVE OF GIVING SOMETHING OF HIMSELF, NO MATTER HOW SMALL, TO BETTER OTHERS.
I AM SORRY, MY LOVE.
YOU DESERVE BETTER THAN TO HAVE BEEN BURDENED WITH MY RESPONSIBILITIES.
I THOUGHT I'D LOST YOU. AGAIN.
WHATEVER YOUR LAST WISH WAS, I WOULD SEE IT THROUGH. WHATEVER IT TOOK TO KEEP SAFE THE WORLD YOU LOVE SO MUCH.


"EVEN IF IT MEANT GRAFTING A FRAGMENT OF YOUR SOUL TO MINE, TO ANCHOR THE OFFICE OF SORCERER SUPREME TO ME.*"
*SEE DEATH OF DOCTOR STRANGE #5! --DS
DEATH MAY OWN YOUR SOUL.
BUT A PART OF IT BELONGS TO ME.
NO.
WE CAN'T. REMEMBER?
DOCTOR STEPHEN STRANGE.

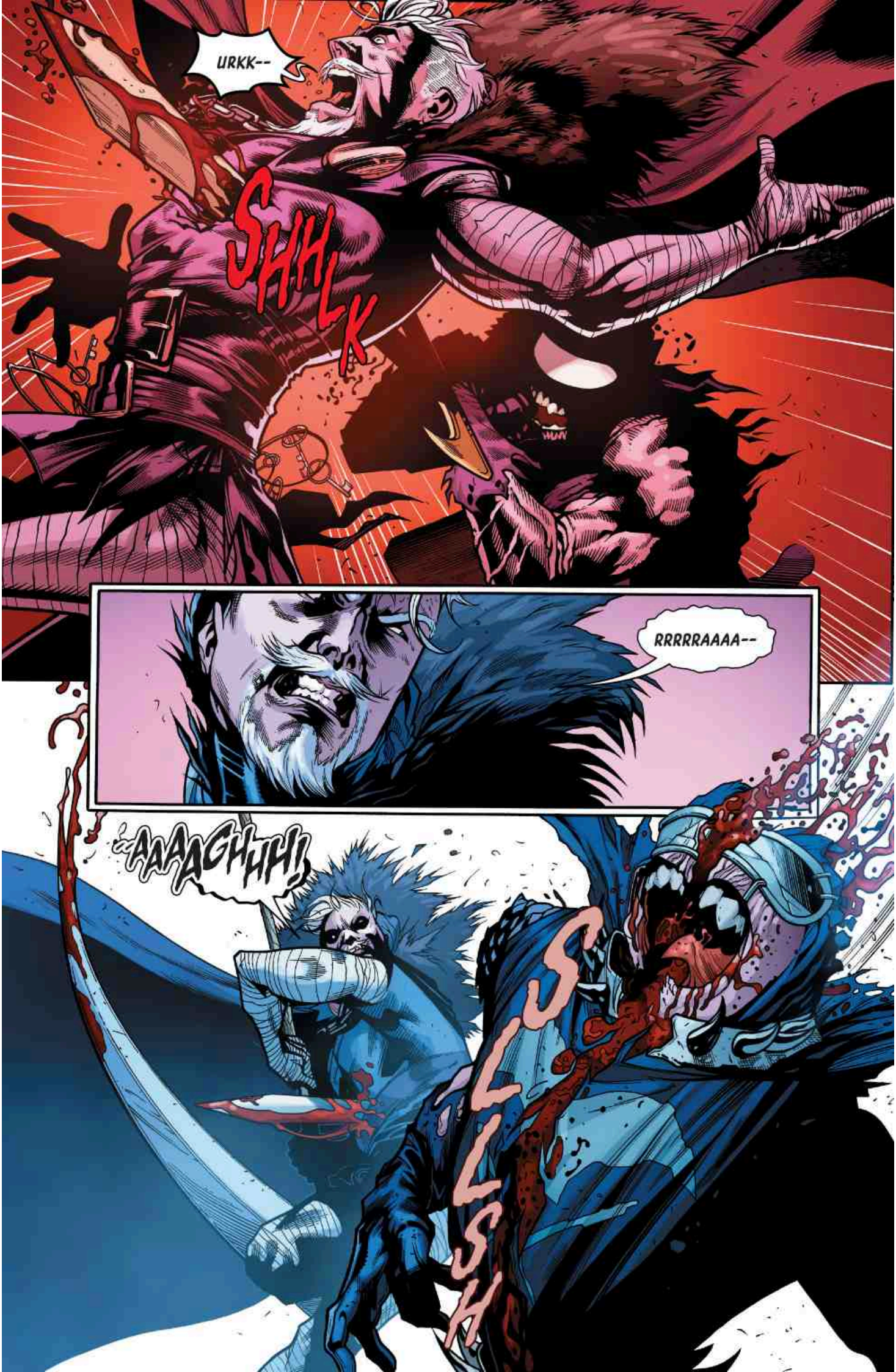

THE HARVESTMAN DIDN'T SEE THAT COMING, THOUGH I PROBABLY SHOULD HAVE.
THE TWO OF YOU.
X-FACTORS... UNKNOWN VARIABLES.
AND I HATE VARIABLES THAT I CAN'T CONTROL.
IRONICALLY, YOU DYING WAS THE WORST THING THAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO US, STRANGE.
WE HAD PLANS FOR YOU. WE KNEW HOW TO KEEP OUT OF YOUR SIGHT LINE. BUT NOT HER.
DIRECTOR NONE.
BEFORE I FIND YOU AND KILL YOU--
--YES, I KNOW, STEPHEN--
--WHY? WHY HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ALL THIS? TO WHAT END HAVE YOU BEEN CREATING REVENANTS?
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT.
YOU MAKE IT THROUGH THE NEXT WAVE AND MEET UP WITH ME, I'LL TELL YOU.
DIRECTOR NONE OUT.
CLICK
RELEASE ALL THE LAZARUS AGENTS WE HAVE ON HAND.

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY, I AM GOING TO KILL HIM.
CLEA.
FINE. I'LL LEAVE HIM IN THE DARK DIMENSION, THEN-- LET THE MINDLESS ONES DO IT.
CLEA.
MOON KNIGHT WOULD LET ME.
THAT'S BECAUSE MOON KNIGHT IS A--BY THE HOARY HOSTS OF HOGGOTH.
WHAT--?
OH.
THEY'VE BEEN *BUSY.*

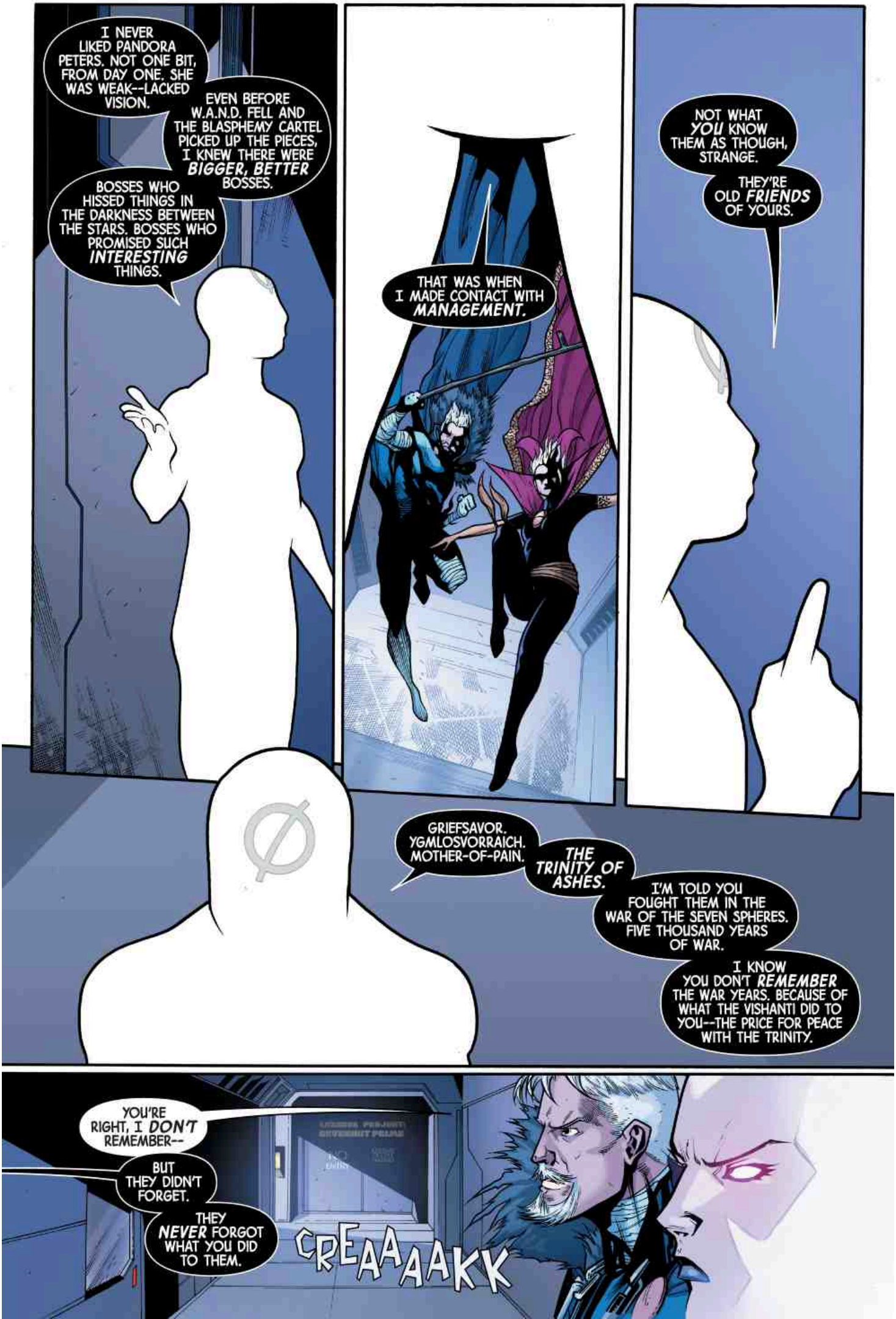
FOUR REVENANTS.
AT ONCE.
AND EACH POWERFUL.
I CREATED A SPELL TO KILL ONE REVENANT-- THE SHADOWKNIGHT.
I CAN ADAPT IT TO KILL THESE AS WELL--
--BUT IT WILL BE DIFFICULT.
AND IT WILL HAVE TO BE ADAPTED FOR EACH ONE.
BUT THAT IS HOW THE SORCERER SUPREME WOULD DEAL WITH THESE REVENANTS.


AND THIS BATTLE DOES NOT JUST INVOLVE THE SORCERER SUPREME.
FOR I AM JOINED BY ONE WHO WAS *CREATED* TO DESTROY THE REVENANTS.
THE WIND BETWEEN THE GRAVESTONES. THE HAND UPON THE SCYTHE.
THE REAPER OF THE ERRANT DEAD.
THE HARVESTMAN.

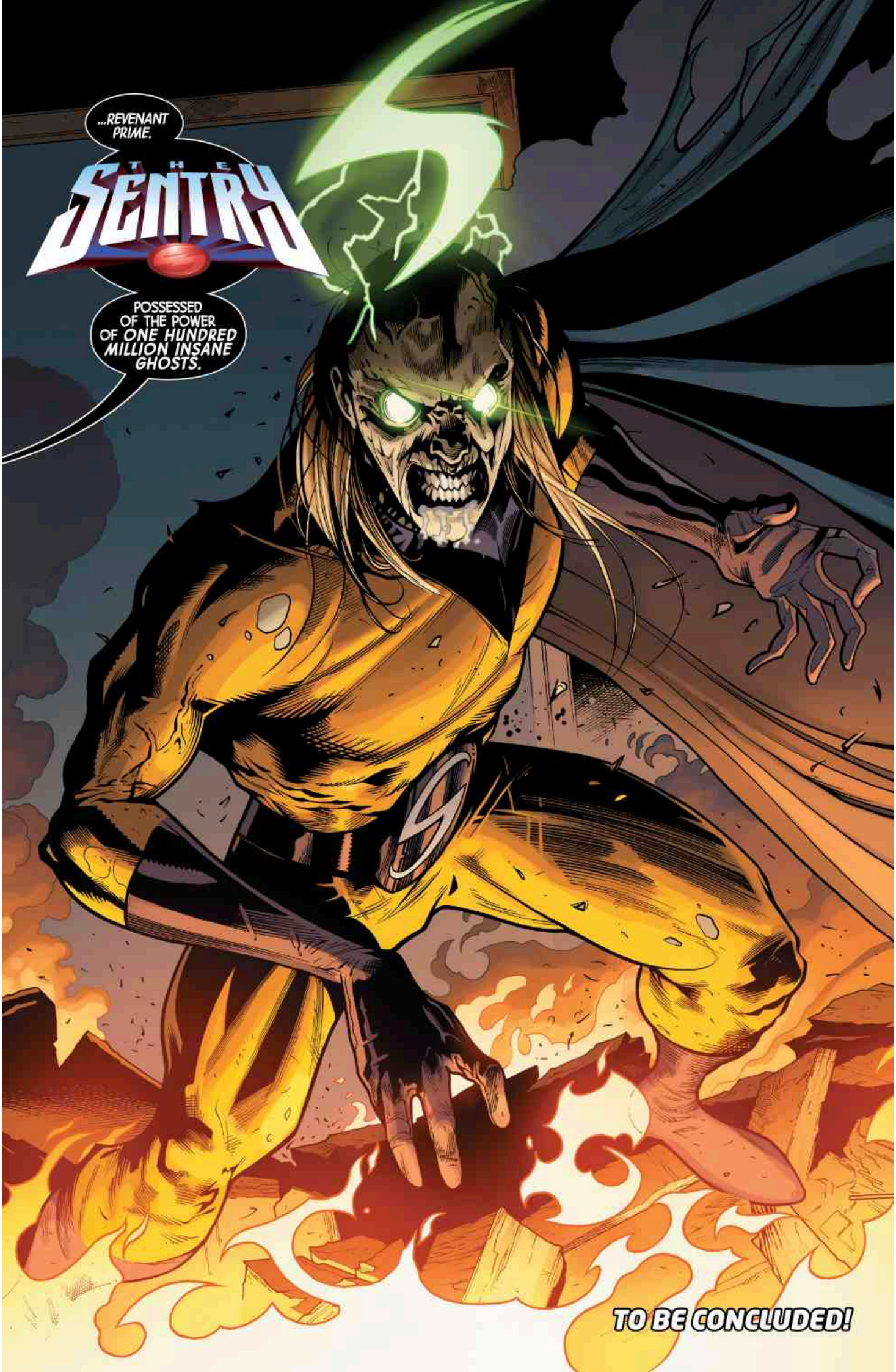
WHO BUYS ME THE TIME I NEED...
...TO DESTROY ANOTHER.
UHFF!
DO NOT TOUCH MY WIFE, DEAD THING.
STEPHEN!!!


URKK--
SHHLK
RRRRRAAAA--
AAAGHHH!
SLLSH

ARE--
--ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
NO. I AM DEAD.
AND THIS WEAPON DRIVEN THROUGH MY CHEST SERVES TO REMIND ME OF THAT.
BUT THIS BODY I USE WAS CREATED BY DEATH HERSELF TO BE HER WEAPON.
I AM MADE OF STERN STUFF INDEED, IT WOULD SEEM.
IT IS SIMPLY ANOTHER PROBLEM-- ONE WE WILL SOLVE TOGETHER.
YOU ARE A DOCTOR, YOU ARE USED TO FIXING THINGS. AND I AM A WARLORD, I AM USED TO GETTING WHAT I WANT.
WHAT POWER CAN STAND AGAINST THE TWO OF US TOGETHER?
WHAT POWER INDEED?
LET ME TELL YOU.


I NEVER LIKED PANDORA PETERS. NOT ONE BIT, FROM DAY ONE. SHE WAS WEAK--LACKED VISION.
EVEN BEFORE W.A.N.D. FELL AND THE BLASPHEMY CARTEL PICKED UP THE PIECES, I KNEW THERE WERE BIGGER, BETTER BOSSES.
BOSSES WHO HISSED THINGS IN THE DARKNESS BETWEEN THE STARS. BOSSES WHO PROMISED SUCH INTERESTING THINGS.
THAT WAS WHEN I MADE CONTACT WITH MANAGEMENT.
NOT WHAT YOU KNOW THEM AS THOUGH, STRANGE.
THEY'RE OLD FRIENDS OF YOURS.
GRIEFSAVOR. YGMLOSVORRAICH. MOTHER-OF-PAIN.
THE TRINITY OF ASHES.
I'M TOLD YOU FOUGHT THEM IN THE WAR OF THE SEVEN SPHERES. FIVE THOUSAND YEARS OF WAR.
I KNOW YOU DON'T REMEMBER THE WAR YEARS. BECAUSE OF WHAT THE VISHANTI DID TO YOU--THE PRICE FOR PEACE WITH THE TRINITY.
YOU'RE RIGHT, I DON'T REMEMBER--
BUT THEY DIDN'T FORGET.
THEY NEVER FORGOT WHAT YOU DID TO THEM.
CREAAAAKK

KRAKOOM
IT WAS ALL FOR THIS.
SUMMONING THE REVENANTS WAS USEFUL. WE MADE THEM OUR LAZARUS AGENTS, THE ONES WE COULD CATCH, AND THE REST?
THEY STIRRED UP PAIN AND CHAOS, ALL THINGS THAT THE TRINITY LIKES.
BUT THE TRINITY WANTED TO WALK THE EARTH.
AND FOR THAT, WE HAD TO MAKE THEM A BODY. ONE THAT SUITED THEIR BLEAK MAJESTY.
THE SOULS INSIDE OF THIS REVENANT, THE TENS UPON TENS OF MILLIONS OF THEM, WILL SERVE AS A SNACK WHEN THE TRINITY POSSESSES THE BODY.
BUT DON'T WORRY. YOU'LL BE DEAD BEFORE THAT HAPPENS. I GIVE YOU...


...REVENANT PRIME.
THE SENTRY
POSSESSED OF THE POWER OF ONE HUNDRED MILLION INSANE GHOSTS.
TO BE CONCLUDED!

NEXT:

Sorcerers Supreme Unite!

Clea and Stephen Strange team up to finally take down the Blasphemy Cartel and their dreaded super-powered weapon! But will two Sorcerers Supreme be enough for this final battle? And what will finally become of Stephen Strange by the end? As one chapter closes, a new one is about to begin in the house of Strange...

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ZONE